

Crash and Burn

by Candy

Category: Star Wars

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-30 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-30 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:59:43

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,097

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Episode 3 Songfic...

Crash and Burn

Hey peeps

>
AN: Another songfic! Yes, you heard right... this one is a bit more detailed. I just thought that this song was great for SW episode 3... so I kinda went with it. Enjoy! Obi-Wan is 35, Amidala is 24, and Anakin is 20.

>
Disclaimer: George Lucas owns Star Wars... and Savage Garden owns Crash and Burn

>

>Crash and Burn

>*Intro*

>Amidala stood in the pouring rain staring over the immense balcony outside her room. The windows were wide open behind her, letting the cold rush of wind pour into the enormous room. Amidala didn't care... it was the last thing on her mind really... What was on her mind now was the ground below her. The twenty-four-year-old queen's intense brown eyes were now dull and lifeless. Her hair clung to her slim waist. Her hands clenched the railing of the balcony so hard that her knuckles turned white. "No more..." She whispered to no one, "No more..."

>*When you feel all alone*

>Amidala was so entranced with the ground, a good fifty-foot drop below her that she failed to notice the lone figure standing in her window frame... his blue eyes taking in her haggard appearance, and taking in her thoughts. The cloaked figure stepped out onto the rainy balcony, still unnoticed by the young woman in front of him.

>*And the world has turned its back on you*

>Amidala let her heavy head hang a few more moments and then raised it to the sky. Tears streamed down her face, and she screamed to the darkened skies, "WHY DID HE DO THIS? WHY DID HE HAVE TO TURN? WHY?" She felt her knees buckle, and she slid down onto the soaking pavement of the balcony. She continued the questioning. "Why... why

do the Gods see it fit to take him away from me?" Amidala shook her head and stood up again shakily.

>*Give a moment please*

>The man behind her looked on as his queen, who was not even a shadow of the one he knew, raise herself onto shaky legs, lift her skirts above the knees, then begin to climb up onto the railing.

>It was at this point Obi-Wan Kenobi could not just watch. He decided to take some action.

>
To tame your wild, wild heart

>
With speed, incomprehensible to the average man, Obi-Wan ran to the suicidal queen's side and grabbed her wrist. With a slight gasp, she spun around, still balanced upon the thin balcony railing.

"Obi-Wan! What are you doing?" She cried desperately. "Please let me go! I want to die!"

>
I know that you feel like the walls are closing in on you

>
Obi-Wan's heart went out to Amidala. This girl... this woman had been his friend, his confidant through all the toughest times... and he was not about to let her die. He wouldn't fail another life... not after he had failed so many before.

>
"Amidala, please! Don't be crazy! You have to come down from there!" He shouted over the rain.

>
It's hard to find release

>
Amidala's once confused face, turned sickeningly happy... too happy for someone who was in a deep state of depression as she was. "Oh but Obi-Wan," She said merrily, "I'm not crazy! Infact, I'm thinking quite logically!" Obi-Wan was so frightened by that statement, that he almost let her wrist go. "Do you know what you're saying Ami?" He asked loudly, "Killing yourself, although it may seem a positive option, is not the answer! You have never run away from your problems, Ami! Don't start now!" Obi-Wan's voice wavered as he pleaded for her to step down, off the balcony railing.

>
And people can be so cold

>
Amidala looked away from Obi-Wan's tearing eyes. She knew he was right. Suicide wasn't the answer... but it would be so easy... so very easy, to just jump. Jump and smash into the unforgiving grounds below her. She would die on impact, she estimated, and all her pain, physical and emotional, would drain away with her life. It would be so easy... Damnit why wouldn't Obi-Wan release her hand?

>
"Obi-Wan let me go! I've lost everything! I've lost everyone!"

>
When darkness is upon your door

>
Thunder boomed at that moment, and a lighting-bolt struck the small planet. Obi-Wan, was once again, taken aback by her statement. Amidala tried to wrench her hand away, but Obi-Wan held tightly.

"Amidala..." he stared directly into her eyes.

>

>*And you feel like you can't take anymore*

>"You still have me!"

>*Let me be the one you call*

>Amidala's eyes widened, tears still pouring out of them. She looked away from him and back down at the ground. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She took the smallest step back, and tried to pull her arm free of Obi-Wan's grasp. "RELEASE ME!" she commanded hostiley, not facing him.

>*If you jump I'll break your fall*

>Obi-Wan's anger flared at the queen's selfishness. "NO AMI!" He yelled back. "There is no way I am going to allow you to die! Not when I have the chance to save you!" Amidala stopped fighting and

from her profile, Obi-Wan saw a confused expression claim her features. He stepped closer, still holding onto her wrist.
 >"I failed Qui-Gon," began the young Jedi Master softly, "I failed Anakin... but I will not fail you." Amidala turned her face towards him and met his eyes. She started to sob softly and let her tired body fall forward into the safety of Obi-Wan's waiting arms.

>*Lift you up and fly away with you into the night*
 >Obi-Wan held onto Amidala and laid his head on top of hers. He shed a tear of silent joy that she hadn't taken another step back... that she had listened to reason. Obi-Wan tightened his grip on Amidala and her nails dug into his Jedi cloak as her sobs grew more violent.

>*If you need to fall apart*

>They stood there, in each other's arms, not really aware of the rain, thunder, and lighting which ravaged the usually docile country side around the castle. All that existed for them right now, was the solace of the other's arms. They both let tears that had been collected through tragedies that smacked them in the face over the years spill out and onto the cold balcony floor.

>*Then I can mend a broken heart*

>"Obi-Wan..." she said through sniffling and slight convulsions, "I'm... I'm so sorry... I'm a terrible person for putting you through that." She began the harsh shaking and crying all over again as the rain pounded upon them. Obi-Wan stroked her hair soothingly. "No, Ami, no... you are one of the best people I have ever known."

>*If you need to crash, then crash and burn you're not alone*

>Amidala looked up at Obi-Wan. This Jedi was one of the most compassionate, caring... loving people she had met in her lifetime. Through all the turmoil of her life, he had been there for her... always lending a shoulder to cry on, an ear to listen... and asked nothing in return. Amidala buried her face in his shoulder again. How could she have been so selfish as to have not considered the fact that Obi-Wan would have suffered greatly if she had taken that step over the side.

>Amidala sighed and allowed herself to find comfort in Obi-Wan's embrace.

>*When you feel all alone*

>Anakin Skywalker... no Darth Vader... clad in black, strode down the rainy streets of Theed. Nothing was going right for him at the moment. Everything had been thrown up into the air in this stage in his life, and everyone seemed to expect him to be able to catch everything as it fell... and accept it... "Master" Yoda had told him it was his destiny.

>"To hell with Yoda," thought the young Sith, "destiny... it's all bullshit."

>*And a loyal friend is hard to find*

>Everyone was against him. Especially Obi-Wan... his former best friend. Ever since his marriage to Amidala, Obi-Wan seemed... resentful of the fact that Vader had found someone, and he hadn't. Darth Vader snorted and kicked a pebble. The bastard probably wanted Amidala for himself. Vader sneered, "Oh yes," he mused to no one but the rain, "He already HAD her for himself."

>*You're caught in a one-way street*

>Vader felt his anger rising. The years of Jedi training he had were cast aside, and he let the rage swallow him. That damned Jedi and his slut-wife were probably getting it on right at this very moment, Vader thought to himself. He closed his eyes and tried to force back

the tears that threatened to fall. He would not cry. He was too strong for that...

>Anakin stopped walking as he hit a wall. "Damn." He muttered to himself.

>*With the monsters in your head*

>Vader sighed shakily. Why wouldn't the tears go away? Siths don't cry. "Strong people do not cry," he muttered helplessly. His legs gave way and he slumped to the soaked pavement below him, his back to the wall, and hands covering his face.

>*When hopes and dreams are far away*

>Vader stiffened slightly and shot up, his eyes blurred with tears, and red lightsaber in hand. He blinked once... then twice at the sight that stood before him. "Padme?" he asked his voice barely above a whisper. He deactivated his lightsaber and reached out to touch her, suddenly not feeling like the Sith he was, but more like an innocent ten-year-old boy that had disappeared long ago. A boy called Anakin.

>*And you feel like you can't face the day*

>Just as quickly as she appeared, Padme disappeared, leaving the young Sith in complete inner turmoil. The small bit of light in his heart shined when he saw the pure face of the fourteen-year-old handmaiden he had fallen in love with... not the cold, emotionless face of the queen he had learned to respect. With that memory... the memory of Amidala's cruel stare, the light of good in his heart was doused.

>And all that was left was darkness.

>*Let me be the one you call*

>Vader slumped back against the wall and into a deep sleep filled with the last memories of Padme that he'd ever have, for when he would awake... all he would feel would be hate and vengeance.

>*If you jump I'll break your fall*

>Flashback: Anakin sat in Watto's shop pretending to be doing what Watto told him to do, which was to "Watch he shop." Instead he found himself watching a beautiful young girl, who looked quite out of place. His curiosity had grown, and he had asked her:

>"Are you an angel?"

>*Lift you up and fly away with you into the night*

>Flashback: Anakin sat in the guest quarters of Theed Palace. Tears stung the boy's eyes but he refused to cry. Obi-Wan Kenobi had just finished administering the traditional Padawan haircut. He looked down at Anakin and laid a hand on his shoulder. In a husky, tear-choked voice, the young master had whispered, "He would've been so proud of you, Ani."

>*If you need to fall apart*

>Flashback: Anakin, an eighteen-year-old man stood before an altar looking down the center isle of Theed Palace gathering hall impatiently. He straightened his white Jedi robes for the umpteenth time, his blue eyes never leaving the doorway. Obi-Wan, who stood beside him in similar garments, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Patience, my Padawan."

>*Then I can mend a broken heart*

>Flashback: Anakin's eyes widened as he watched Amidala, dressed in a white bridal gown, float down the center isle and next to him. He lifted the lace veil, placed a chaste kiss on her cheek, and lowered the veil again, taking her hand in the process. His response was a glowing smile.

>*If you need to crash, then crash and burn you're not alone*

>Darth Vader let the dreams of the past flow through his memory one

last time, knowing that even his sub-conscious couldn't even save him now.

>*Cause there has always been heartache and pain*

>Obi-Wan felt the queen's sobbing begin to subside. His own had stopped awhile ago. A moment ago, he had felt a strange ripple in the force... as if something was trying to break free. His thoughts lingered on his Padawan. He had no idea where Ani was, or what he was doing... maybe that ripple in the force had something to do with him.

>*And when it's over you'll breathe again*

>Amidala felt dizzy. Her head was swimming, her breath was ragged, and her body was sore. "Obi-Wan," she asked quietly, "Can we please go inside?" She felt relieved when the Jedi let out a small chuckle. In one, swift motion, she was off her feet and in the Jedi's arms. Amidala sighed and rested her head on Obi-Wan's shoulder.

>*You'll breathe again*

>Darth Vader still slept soundly against the brick wall in one of the back allies of Theed. His dreams dwelled on the past... a past he longed to go back to... a happier time.

>*When you feel all alone*

>Obi-Wan shut the huge glass windows behind him. Amidala placed a hand on his shoulder. "Obi-Wan," she began meekly, "I want to say..." Obi-Wan turned to her and looked down into her eyes. "Yes?" he prompted in a small voice. She had been through enough tonight... she didn't need him pushing her. "I just want to say thank you." Obi-Wan let himself grin. "Amidala," he said, while brushing a limp strand of hair away from her face, "you are one of my best friends. It's my duty to protect you... because I love you very much. Not the romantic type... just friendship. And I would never ever let anything bad happen to you."

>*And the world has turned its back on you*

>Amidala bit her lower lip, trying to hold back tears. "Oh, Obi-Wan!" she cried out with a sob, then wrapped her arms around him. "I love you so much, my friend... thank you for being there for me... you've saved me in every way a person could be saved, and you've never given up on me." She buried her face on his chest. "Never..." she whispered.

>*Give me a moment please*

>Obi-Wan felt his own tears flowing down his cheeks and splashing onto her hair. "And I never will, Ami... as long as I live... I'll be there for you."

>*To tame your wild wild heart*

>Amidala sobbed and held onto the Jedi even tighter then before. Obi-Wan returned the gesture with a slight sniffle. "I'm just sorry it had to come to all of this." He muttered into her hair.

>"Shh, Obi-Wan. I realize now that Anakin is lost... but that I still have someone to turn to."

>*Let me be the one you call*

>Obi-Wan stroked the queen's hair. "Yes, I will always be there for you." He glared out the window at the unforgiving skies. "Just never scare me like that again." Amidala smiled slightly, but let it fade when she realized that he wasn't joking. "I'm sorry... I just..." She pulled away from his embrace and looked down.

>The Jedi's brow furrowed and he lifted Amidala's chin ever so slightly so she was looking at him. "Tell me, Ami."

>*If you jump, I'll break your fall*

>Amidala looked past him and out the window. "I just... I just felt that if I jumped, that I would fall away from my problems... that

they would just... disappear." She choked on a sob. "I was wrong... and selfish... I didn't think of you or anyone else... I'm so sorry."

>Obi-Wan took her in his arms again, and held her close for sometime. Eventually she fell asleep.

>*Lift you up and fly away with you into the night*

>He picked her up gently and placed her damp body in her huge bed and tucked the covers under her. He looked down at her one last time and turned to go back to his quarters. A small whisper stopped him.

>"Obi-Wan?"

>*And if you need to fall apart*

>He spun around and faced her. She was on her side looking up at him with weary eyes. "Please, don't go just yet... stay with me until I fall asleep." Obi-Wan's brow furrowed a bit... she wasn't suggesting... "Please, Obi-Wan... I need a friend now... just hold my hand."

>*I can mend a broken heart*

>Obi-Wan felt his eyes well with tears, but blinked them away. He needed to be the strong one right now. Slowly, he strode to the side of Amidala's bed, pulled up a chair, and took her cold, small, delicate hand in his, and held onto it.

>"Thank you, Obi-Wan... for everything..." She whispered, and then she was out cold.

>*And if you need to crash, then crash and burn you're not alone*

>Obi-Wan let the tears fall as soon as she drifted to slumber. They rolled down his cheeks and onto the silk sheets of Ami's bed. He reached out a hand and brushed the hair from her face. He kissed her forehead, and still holding onto her hand, sat back in the chair and fell asleep.

>*You're not alone...*

>That night, the dreams of three people: A queen, A Jedi Master, and A Sith Lord in training converged. Amidala Neberrie, Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Anakin Skywalker were together one final happy time. They sat together in a bright field filled with wild flowers: laughing, talking, and just having fun... seeming completely oblivious to the chaos that engulfed their lives.

>*Fade out*

>And for the first time in ages, the three friends slept with content smiles upon their faces.

>END

>LEAVE COMMENTS

End
file.